

YOUR LOAF TO COST ONE SHILLING ON MONDAY

# The Daily Mirror

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SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1917

One Penny.

SERBIANS MOURN THEIR BENEFACTOR: GREAT ALLIED TRIBUTE  
TO MRS. HARLEY, LORD FRENCH'S SISTER.



Carrying the bier to the British military cemetery at Zeitliuk. The deceased lady's two daughters were the chief mourners. In circle Mrs. Harley.—(Official photograph.)



Near the spot where Mrs. Harley was killed.—(French official.)



Serbian child who recited  
a poem.—(Official.)



Soldier helps a refugee to light a candle.—(Official photograph.)

There were touching tributes from Serbians at the funeral of Mrs. Harley, Lord French's sister, who was killed by an enemy shell while on duty at Monastir. A little Serbian girl recited a poem at the graveside, while a woman refugee brought a wreath and lit a

candle. Prince George of Serbia, General Milne, Lord Granville, Admiral Troubridge, all the members of the Serbian General Staff and a great crowd of officers from the French, Russian, Italian and Serbian Armies walked behind the coffin.

## ONE SHILLING LOAF ON MONDAY.

### Food Hoarding and Plan to Search Houses.

#### PROTEST IN COMMONS.

The price of bread in London will be raised to a shilling a four-pound loaf on Monday next.

This is the decision of the Incorporated Society of Principal Wholesale and Retail Bakers.

It is stated that this is found to be necessary by the fact that the new flour, together with the increased weight of the loaf, makes twelve quarters of bread per sack less.

#### TRACKING THE HOARDER.

Captain Bathurst, who represents the Food Controller in the House of Commons, made an important statement last night on the food question. His points were—

The order against hoarding would be issued in a few days, and would not apply to sugar only.

House members need not be alarmed at the prospect of their houses being invaded by the police with search warrants, unless some members of their families had been ordering abnormal supplies.

An easy way of discovering if hoarding was taking place was open to the Food Controller, viz., to call for the inspection of trade books.

In respect of the shortage of food and the activity of many subversives, the poorer classes in this country were suffering less from shortage of food than the people of any other belligerent country.

In all these food questions people must exercise a sense of proportion.

It was conceivable that the supplies of sugar would not be so large as they were to-day; but that was no reason why the country should get into a state of panic.

It was no reason why food riots should occur such as those in India with the successful prosecution of the war.

We might have to go short on a good many commodities; but we should not allow the spirit of restlessness to prevail.

The best method for all patriots who could afford substitutes was to go absolutely without potatoes during the next two or three months.

If well-to-do persons would be self-denying enough to do that, he believed the potato supply would last at a rate for another two months, and possibly until the new potato crop came upon the market.

It was probable that the Manchester system of one milk delivery a day would be adopted in other centres.

Mr. J. H. Henderson said the Food Controller was going to penalise hoarding, and institute a system of police inspection.

He would oppose any domiciliary visits, even if it made him a gaol-bird (Cries of "Oh!").

Dealing with the oral statement, Mr. Henderson told how an ex-Cabinet Minister had to send someone in his motor-car to search for a sack of coal with which to cook his dinner.

#### NO MORE SUPPERS?

A suggested new food regulation prohibiting the sale of meat in hotels and restaurants before 11.30 a.m. and after 9.30 p.m. would, it was expected, effect a considerable saving.

"The extent to which meat is eaten before eleven in the morning and after 9.30 in the evening is really astonishing," admitted a hotel manager to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

#### WHY FOOD IS DEAR.

The second and third reports of the Committee appointed by Mr. Runciman to investigate the cost of living, which have led to the increase of prices of commodities since the beginning of the war were issued yesterday.

Their principal findings were as follows—

**Potatoes.**—The cost of production, stated the Committee, had risen considerably, and the generally enhanced cost of seed might be expected further to increase the expenses of the producers in 1917.

**Tea.**—The Committee closely investigated a representation that the continued rise in wholesale prices in April and May 1916, was largely due to heavy speculative buying by a particular London broker, who bought large quantities for which he had not received orders.

**Bread.**—The Committee found that the rise in the cost of flour absorbed the bulk of the increase in the price of bread.

The main factors in the very serious rise in prices were the heavy consumption of the armies, the necessity for accumulating emergency stocks in the Entente countries, the requirements of several neutral European Governments, and especially the loss of the Black Sea supplies and the heavy buying in America by European Governments.

## KAISER'S BREAKDOWN

### Emperor Goes to Homburg to Recuperate Shattered Nerves.

#### CHANCELLOR'S VISIT.

THE HAGUE, Friday.—According to private messages which have reached here, the Kaiser's health has for some time past been very poor, and he is now suffering from a nervous breakdown.

His doctors, it is stated, have insisted upon his taking the cure at a health resort, and he has accordingly left for Homburg, where he will receive the Imperial Chancellor's visit instead of at headquarters, as had been arranged.—Central News.

**"Serious Riots in Berlin."**—Swiss newspapers yesterday, say a Berne Exchange message, give prominence to reports of serious riots in Berlin and Hamburg. The Berlin disorders are stated to have been started by the police.

**"German an Insult."**—A Wireless Press message describes a scene which occurred in the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies when the Premier, Count Tisza, read a letter in German which he had written to the Austrian Premier, the Opposition protesting violently against a single word being uttered in German.

Count Tisza threatened to prologue Parliament if members attacked Germany, whereupon Deputy Rakovsky shouted, "Revolution would be a useful response to Count Tisza's menace."

#### "SORT OF MOSLEM WIFE."

### Remarkable Story of Marriage of an Indian Student.

A remarkable story of an Indian student's marriage was told at the Old Bailey yesterday, when Ahmed Hajee Allam, twenty-three, medical student, was indicted for making a false declaration for the purpose of procuring a marriage between himself and Ivy Abrey.

It was alleged that on February 15 in a notice of marriage to the Superintendent of Prisoner at Islington, he declared that Miss Abrey was twenty-one, whereas she was seventeen.

The following day he cancelled the notice, and later called upon Miss Abrey's father and pro-



Captain Bathurst.

## HAVE YOU ENROLLED?

### Great Recruiting Campaign Opens To-day for National Service.

#### THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE.

To-day is the first day of "National Service Week"—a week of public meetings and demonstrations with the object of recruiting volunteers for Britain's great industrial army.

The object of the appeal Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the Director of National Service, explains, is to form a register of workers willing to undertake work of national importance.

No volunteer must give up his job and expect to be immediately used as a volunteer without compensation, he said, in a speech called after the signing of the enrolment form, Mr. Chamberlain adds, imposes on the volunteer a moral obligation to keep his promise. It does not involve him in any legal consequences.

If a volunteer is asked to undertake work at less pay than he is at present earning, this will give him a right of appeal; even if the appeal tribunal should hold him to his undertaking, no volunteer will be visited upon him if he refuses to conform to its decision. But he will have to settle with his conscience whether he is performing the duty which he owes to his country.

It is the intention of the Department that volunteers shall be so placed that they shall have the minimum of inconvenience and the maximum of pay for the work which they are asked to undertake.

A seven days' opening of National Service Week will be marked by special outdoor demonstrations.

There will be a great display at Portsmouth on Sunday. Military bands will play in the decorated streets and the mayor will deliver an address from the steps of the town hall.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain will speak at Manchester and Liverpool on Tuesday, Mr. Walter Long at Leicester on the same day, and Lord Derby at Blackburn on Saturday next.

#### LESS BREAD FOR HUNS.

### Painful Surprise Caused by Cutting Down of Ration.

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—In the Lower House of the Prussian Diet Dr. Michaelis, the State Food Commissioner, announced that precautionary measures were necessary to enable present stocks of corn to suffice until the next harvest.

The *Rheinisch-Westfälische Zeitung* refers to this reported reduction of the bread ration as a very painful surprise.

The *Colonial People's Paper* says that even now it is only with great difficulty that the people can manage with the bread rations at present allotted.—Reuter.

ROME, Friday.—According to information from Berlin, Herr Helferlich, speaking privately with ministerial deputies, said the harvests for 1917 will be very bad, but the war will be decided before August.—Wireless Press.

#### STRIKE AT BARROW.

### Trades Union Leaders Urge Men to Return to Work at Once.

The Minister of Labour had a conference yesterday with representatives of various engineers and allied trades unions.

With him were representatives of the Ministry of Munitions, the Admiralty and the Shipyard Department.

Eventually the representatives agreed to send the following telegram to their local officials:

"The executive representatives of the allied engineering unions disapprove of the stoppage of work at Barrow and instruct members to resume work immediately."

The matter in dispute is to be referred to the Minister of Labour, who agrees to have the question of alleged cutting of premium bonus time allowances considered and settled within seven days after resumption of work. The award to be made retrospective.

It was also agreed that several members of the executive committee of the allied trades would go to Barrow at once in order to place the situation before the men.

Strong hopes were expressed that they would succeed in bringing the strike to a speedy termination.

The Tyne engineers' dispute was settled last night, the men voting in favour of returning to work.

#### HIS NOVEL OATH.

### "Will Speak the Old Truth and Won't Be Foolish."

A plaintiff at Bloomsbury County Court yesterday who was having the oath administered to him concluded with the words, "The old truth."

"And nothing but the truth," added the plaintiff.

"Certainly not," said plaintiff.

The Registrar: Take the oath properly. No nonsense and don't be foolish.

Thus admonished, plaintiff took the following oath: "I swear by Almighty God that I will speak the truth, no nonsense and won't be foolish. I will speak the old truth."

## WAR DEMANDED BY 15,000 AMERICANS.

### Scenes of Frenzied Enthusiasm in New York.

#### SINKING OF U.S. SHIP.

The outstanding American view is as follows:

Mass meeting of 15,000 Americans demand war.

It is reported in Washington that President Wilson will ask Congress to recognise existence of a state of war.—Wireless Press.

Twenty of crew of torpedoed American tankship *Healdton* were killed, nineteen being in a boat which capsized, the other died from exposure; seven Americans were among the dead.—Exchange.

Crew of the sunken American ship *Illinoian* reached England yesterday. When asked to tow the survivors to land the pirate said: "I have no time."—Exchange.

German papers agree that nothing can avoid a state of war setting in soon.—Exchange.

Both the *Healdton* and the *Illinoian* were attacked without warning. The *Healdton*, says Reuter, was showing her name and place of origin in electrically lighted letters

#### "PRICE OF PEACE IS WAR."

A mass meeting of 15,000 people was held at the Madison-square Garden, New York, under the auspices of the two patriotic societies.

A thunderous shout of "Yes" and a deafening roll of cheers went up when Mr. Elihu Root read:

"Resolved that we call upon Congress to declare that by the acts of Germany a state of war exists between Germany and the United States."

In his speech Mr. Root declared that war already exists. One youth shouted, "We want peace!"

Mr. Root: Protected by the Allied Navies. A Voice: "It is not the Allies." The interper was thrown out of the window.

Mr. Root, pointing with his forefinger downwards into the face of the throng, said: "These are our first overt acts by the agents of a deluded German plot to break up this meeting. It has been tried and disposed of, but let me warn those agents that they must not push American patience too far."

"WE MUST HELP."

Cheers rocked the building when President Hibben, of Princeton, who described himself as a Pacificist, said: "The price of peace now is war." The cheers rose to a pitch of frenzied enthusiasm when he added:

"We must help. What an hour it would be when a great division of patriotic American youths marched through the long battle lines in France under the Stars and Stripes."

"Teddy! Teddy!" was the cry that rolled backwards and forwards like thunder. The name of President Wilson was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm.

Roosevelt divided the honour with the new Russian Government, every mention of which provoked the heartiest cheering.

A Central News message from New York quotes the *Evening Telegram* that in the event of war Mr. Roosevelt will be given the rank of major-general and the command of 100,000 American soldiers, who will form an expeditionary army to France. Well-known financiers are backing up the project.

#### HIS LAST ROYAL RIDE.

### Ex-Tsar Kisses Suite and Servants on Imperial Train.

The ex-Tsar's last ride in the imperial train is described in a Reuter Special message from Petrograd.

In the last carriage there travelled the four Government Commissioners sent to execute his arrest, but they had no interview with him.

About 10 a.m. he took morning coffee with his suite, conversed with them for an hour and bade farewell to them and the servants, kissing them all.

Addressing all present, the ex-Tsar said: "I thank you for your services. Au revoir! Farewell!"

He wore the "tcherkeska" or flowing uniform of the 6th Kuban Cossack battalion,

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# FOE MAKING A FIGHT—FRENCH THRUST OF 1½ MILES

**British Drive Off Counter-Attack and Make Progress Near Croiselles.**

## CHASSEURS CUT WAY OUT WITH CAPTIVES.

**The Moewe Sinks 11 More Ships—Total Bag of 27 Vessels and Over 1,000 Prisoners.**

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Friday.

8.40 P.M.—In the area of our advance encounters between our patrols and hostile detachments of some strength have taken place at a number of points along the general line, Etreillers-Beaumetz-Lez-Cambrai-Beaurains.

During the day enemy counter-attacks near Aizecourt-Le Bas-Beaumetz and Vraucourt were driven off after fighting. Our positions were maintained, and we took a few prisoners.

Our troops have made further progress in the neighbourhood of Ecoust and Croiselles.

We carried out a successful raid this morning east of Arras.

The enemy blew a large mine last night north of Neuville-St. Vaast. No damage is reported.

Our artillery bombarded the enemy's trenches south-east of Loos and east of Vermelles with good effect.

## FRENCH SUCCESS IN BLOW NEAR ST. QUENTIN.

**More Detachments Cross the River Ailette—Progress North of Soissons.**

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

North of St. Simon the enemy yesterday launched at the close of the day a violent attack on our positions before the village of Arlempes (seven miles south-west of St. Quentin).

At first, slightly driven back, our troops immediately counter-attacked with vigour and succeeded in throwing back the enemy as far as Grand Beraucourt, 1½ miles north-east of Arlempes.

The artillery duel has been fairly lively between the Somme and the Oise. South of the Oise now detachments crossed the Ailette. There has been an intermittent cannonade in this region.

North of Soissons we effected further progress.

It is confirmed that the attacks directed by the enemy on the Vregny-Chivres front have been extremely violent. Against one point alone the Germans threw a whole regiment.

Two of our companies of chasseurs, isolated for a moment from the bulk of our forces, succeeded after stubborn fighting in extricating themselves, and brought back some prisoners.

The losses sustained by the enemy in the course of these fruitless attempts have been very high.

Several enemy coups de main north-west of Rheims, towards Maisons de Champagne, in the Avocourt Wood and in the region of St. Mihiel failed under our fire.

## RUSSIANS REGAIN LOST TRENCHES.

**Positions Restored by Counter-Attacks with the Bayonet.**

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

**Western Front.**—In the direction of Lida, on the River Berezina, in the region of the village Zabekina, we regained after a number of counter-attacks with the bayonet the trenches which were taken yesterday by the enemy. The position again restored.

**Russian Front.**—In the direction of Fesany the enemy is displaying lively artillery and aerial activity.

In the direction of Brailov our detachments during the night of March 22 drove out the enemy from the stations Venedi and Halt, south of the village Venedi.—Admiralty per Wireless.

The Echo Belge states that the Germans have placed 200 machine guns along the Belgo-Dutch frontier in the neighbourhood of Maesycy.

## FRENCH DREADNOUGHT TORPEDOED AND SUNK.

**296 Lives Lost in Mediterranean—U Boat Attacked with Bombs.**

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

The Ministry of Marine announces that the French battleship Danton was torpedoed by a British submarine on March 19 in the Mediterranean.

The vessel was struck by two torpedoes.

Eight hundred and six men were saved by the escorting destroyer Massue and patrol vessels arrived on the scene at the distress signal. The vessel lost 296.

The submarine whose periscope was seen some minutes after the torpedoing was attacked with bombs from the Massue, but immediately disappeared and was not seen again.—Reuter.

The Danton is the nameship of a class of six semi-Dreadnoughts of a displacement of 18,400 tons, with a complement of 681, and belonged to the 1906/7 programme, being completed in 1911. She carried four 12in. guns and twelve 9.4in. guns.

## FRENCH TROOPS DRIVEN BACK WITH LOSSES.

**German Story of Battle on Both Sides of St. Simon.**

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

**Western Theatre.**—As a consequence of several thrusts on the part of our own and enemy reconnoitring detachments the artillery activity temporarily increased on the front in Flanders and the Arras sector. We made a number of prisoners in these districts.

On March 22, on both sides of St. Simon which had crossed the Somme and Crozat Canal have been driven back by an attack against and beyond these sectors.

The enemy suffered sanguinary losses. He has also lost 230 prisoners as well as several machine guns and vehicles.

Between the Oise and the Aisne engagements developed during the evening hours to the west and south of Mervival.

Attacks made by strong French forces were repulsed with severe losses.—Wireless Press.

## WHOSE AIRSHIP?

Berlin and Constantinople appear to be "jumping claims" regarding an airship, judging by the following official communiques:

**Krishna.**—On the night of 20-21 one of our airships dropped bombs weighing 1,400 kilograms on the port of Mudros (Lemnos) and on English establishments near Mudros, on the Isle of Lemnos, and returned safely to its base.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

**German.**—On the night from the 20th to the 21st one of our airships dropped bombs with good effect upon English establishments near Mudros, on the Isle of Lemnos, and returned safely to its base.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

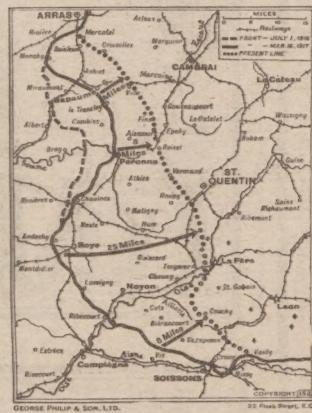
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Map showing the tide of Franco-British advance.

## MOEWE SINKS ELEVEN MORE SHIPS.

**Total of Twenty-seven Vessels in Second Raiding Cruise.**

## 1,062 PRISONERS TAKEN.

The Secretary of the Admiralty makes the following announcement:

Following upon the reported return of the raider Moewe, information circulated in German Wireless Press messages shows that, in addition to the ships announced as having been sunk or captured by the Moewe in the communiqué of January 17 last, the following vessels have also been sunk:

British—French Prince (4,750 tons), Eddie (2,652), Rhodanthe (3,061), Katherine (2,926), Esmeralda (4,673), Otaki (9,575), Demeriton (6,048).

Jeann (sailing ship), Governor (two ships, both of over 5,000 tons, one of Liverpool and other New York).

Norwegian. Staut (sailing vessel). Further, it appears that the St. Theodore, whose fate was hitherto in doubt, has been sunk.

Of the above-mentioned ships some had been unaccounted for during the last few weeks, but others had only recently sailed.

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—A Berlin message concerning the Moewe's second cruise says that as the result of a month's raids in the Atlantic she sank twenty-two steamers and five sailing vessels of a total tonnage of 123,000.

The vessels included twenty-one enemy craft and eight of them were armed. The Moewe carried 593 prisoners.—Central News.

## MONTHS IN ATLANTIC.

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—A Berlin "official" telegram says:

His Majesty's auxiliary cruiser Moewe (commander, Count Dohna Schloboden) has returned to a home port from a second cruise of several months in the Atlantic.

The vessel made prizes twenty-two steamers and five sailing vessels, having a total tonnage of 123,000 gross register.

Twenty-one of these ships belonged to enemy countries, eight of them were armed, five were in the service of the British Admiralty and four were enemy sailing vessels.

The Moewe brought back to Germany 593 prisoners in addition to the 469 brought by the prize Yarrowdale, which reached a German harbour on March 16, 1916.

Of the vessels seized, the Hudson Maru brought Fernambuco on March 16 with the crews of the steamers Dramatist, Radnorshire, Minieh, Netherby Hall, Naxies and Asnieres.

The remaining vessels, that is, all but the Hudson Maru, were sunk.—Reuter.

## THE DUTCH GOVERNMENT SPURNS GERMAN BRIBE.

**Refuses to Accept Compensation—Danger Zone Extended.**

ROTTERDAM, Friday.—The Dutch Government officially announces that it has refused Germany's offer of compensation in the shape of sinking of the seven Dutch steamers which, together with the offer to indemnify the Dutch sailors for the losses resulting from the sinking of the steamers, is considered by the Dutch Government to be unacceptable.—Exchange.

CHRISTIANIA, Friday.—The German Minister has communicated to the Norwegian Government a notification received from the German Government to the effect that in future that part of the Arctic Seas lying east of 20° E. long. and south of 75° E. north latitude, with the exception of Norwegian territorial waters, will be regarded as within the danger zone for all shipping, against which all available weapons will be employed.

Neutral ships already en route to ports in these waters and those vessels returning from the blockaded area will not be attacked without warning before April 5.

This extension of the danger zone would seem to be aimed at the blockade of the Archangel route.—Reuter.

## BULGARS' BIG CLAIMS.

BULGARIAN OFFICIAL.

Macedonian Front.—Between Lake Ochrida and Lake Prespa there was a feeble enemy attack, which was easily repulsed.

On Hill 1,248, north of Monastir, the French delivered continual counter-attacks in order to recover the positions taken from them yesterday, but they were repulsed in every case with sanguinary losses.

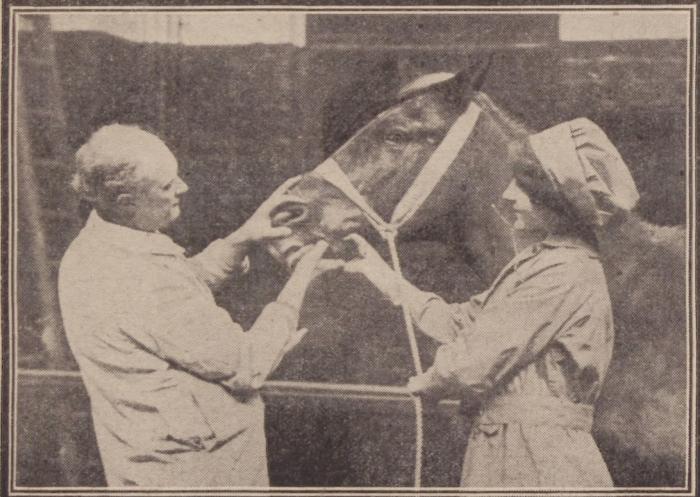
To the trophies already captured from the French we added three machine-guns, a large number of rifles, ammunition and other material.—Reuter.

## KNAPSACK POCKETS.



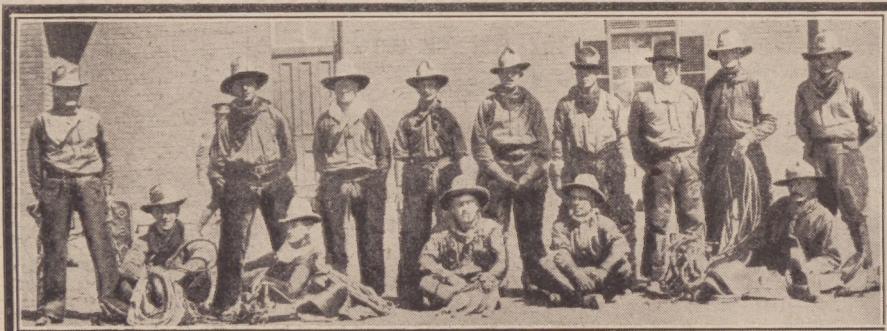
Dress of green Georgette crepe combined with yellow satin and finished with odd stitchings of green worsted. It has cross straps at the back and pockets resembling knapsacks.

## VETERINARY SURGEON'S GIRL ASSISTANT.

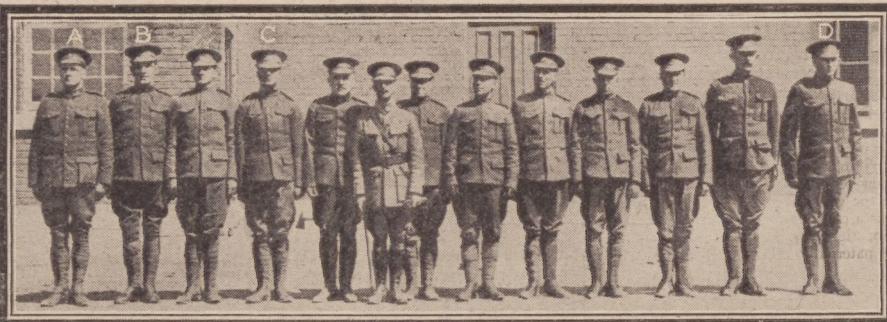


This girl works at a large veterinary establishment in London, and helps during the operations on the animals. The patients all like their nurse.

## CANADIAN COWBOYS WIN HONOURS ON THE BATTLEFIELD.



At Montreal Barracks before being supplied with uniforms. They still have their lassos, and form a picturesque group.



Lieutenant Gallagher (a), Private Turner, D.C.M. (b), Private Gates, D.C.M. (c) and Sergeant Smith (d). Cowboys who enlisted together at Calgary. Sergeant Smith is the champion roughrider of Western Canada, while Lieutenant Gallagher is the champion roper. Three have been given commissions, while two have been killed.

## AN ENGAGEMENT.



Miss Helen Charles, daughter of Mme. Charles, the famous singer, and Captain Arthur S. Glynn, R.A.M.C.

## THE KING'S GIFT TO THE RED CROSS.



Bronze Chinese bowl made about 500 B.C., which His Majesty presented to the Red Cross Sale. (Daily Mirror photograph.)

## BOYS ACT IN SHAKESPEARE PLAY.



The boys at the Battersea Polytechnic Secondary School in a scene from "Twelfth Night," which they produced. (Daily Mirror photograph.)

# Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1917.

## GOVERNMENT BY THREAT!

WHY does Lord Devonport say in the House of Lords that it would be "a national calamity to have to resort to compulsion"—in the matter of food rations—"without trying the voluntary system to the full"?

What does Lord Devonport mean by the "voluntary system" and by "trying it to the full"—whatever that may mean?

Is it "voluntarily" that the restaurant gormandisers now only can get two courses for lunch and three for dinner? Is it "voluntarily" that officers on leave cannot get supper?—though why civilians and not officers should get it, is, by the way, a mystery both to officers and to civilians. Is it "voluntarily" that houses are to be searched for evidence of foodgods' hoarding? Is it "voluntarily" that grocers will be prohibited from selling more than a certain amount to any one person? Is anything that is now going on in regard to food—or indeed most other things—"voluntary" in any true dictionary or general usage of the word?

Is the very tone of Lord Devonport's remarks a persuasive and voluntary tone?

No, rightly enough, Lord Devonport's once paternally shaken forefinger, begging people to be careful, has become a magisterially menacing forefinger—almost a clenched fist—threatening people.

Voluntarism has nearly died out. Why then talk of its demise as a "national calamity"?

Are we to conclude that Lord Devonport regards compulsion as quite inevitably associated with huge hotels taken over, tons of paper utilised in cards, hours wasted over form-filling, armies of inspectors, multitudes of clerks? If so, we agree, he may well hesitate. But surely these accompaniments are not inevitable. Another St. Ermin's Hotel? No. Cannot the thing be attacked through the distributing agencies? Is it not necessary that at once it should be attacked?

For see the constant contradiction that runs through all Lord Devonport's utterances, under their general tone of menace—their attempt at government by threat.

In one breath Lord Devonport says:—

We are losing ships and neutrals are losing ships and the strength of the mercantile marine—not only our own but that available for our trade purposes—is diminishing.

Good. A courageous admission. And then? Then, in the next breath, Lord Devonport adds:—

I shall not be slow to respond to the need.

Good again. And therefore:

It would be a national calamity to have to resort to compulsion.

And finally:

From the moment the necessity appears (but hasn't it appeared?) it will take at least eight weeks to get it into working order.

To sum up: "There is a necessity. I shall be not slow. There is no necessity. It will take a long time to do anything. In fact I shall be slow, because I must."

Is this the logic of a "business man"?

W. M.

## FEATHERED TIME.

Time is the feathered thing.  
And, whilst I praised  
The sparklings of thy looks and call them rays,

Takes wing,  
Leaving me as him as he flies  
Unperceived dimness in thin eyes.  
His minutes whilst th' are told

Do make us old.  
And every bird of its fleet glass,  
Increasing age it doth pass,  
Inensibly sows wrinkles there

Where flowers and roses do appear.  
Whilst we do speak, our fire

Doth into ice expire.  
—JASPER MAYNE (1648).

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Each one of us carries within him an image of what he ought to be. So long as he is not that his peace is not complete.—Rückert.

## ALL ON ACCOUNT OF THE CENSORSHIP!

### HAS THE ART OF LOVE-LETTER WRITING DIED OUT?

By MARY MORTIMER MAXWELL.

THE Englishwoman sat with a letter in her lap, and were it not for the fact that she was not a "weepy" woman, she would certainly have dropped tears upon the curtly-worded page.

He had ceased to love her—that was sure. Observe the beginning of the epistle, "Dear E." Note the ending of "Yours hastily." The signature was but his two initials. The body of the letter was as formal as the beginning and the end. He said he had received her letter, but he made no comment upon what she had said in that letter. She had poured out her heart, and her soul to him; she had told of her loneliness, her heart-ache

making! What a flow of language he had! He had spoken with a slight accent, which she had learnt to love. He had never been at a loss for the right word.

And now "Dear E." and "Yours hastily."

With the recollection of what had passed between them and the very abandonment of love which she had shown in her own letter, her cheeks grew hot with shame. It was over. He had played with her! Well, at least she would never run after him.

### A MISUNDERSTANDING.

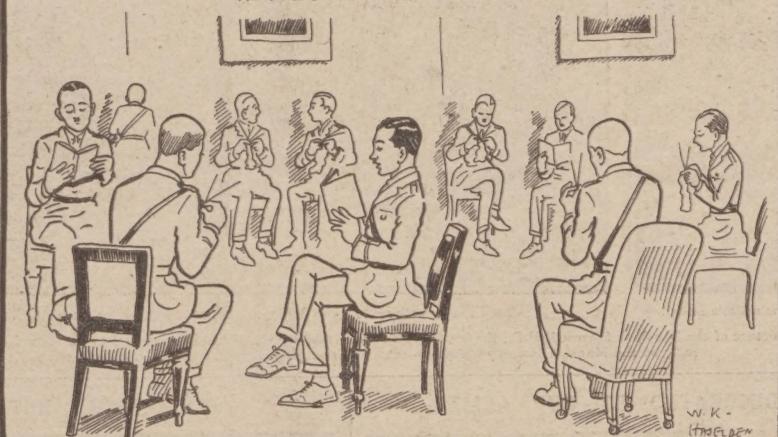
Over in a neutral land a man was almost mad with suspense. Weeks had passed and he had received no news from the woman who was all in all to him. He had written several short notes, and had cabled, with no response. He was convinced that one of two things had happened—either that she had never cared for him, had lied when she said she loved him; or else that she had passed out of life

## THE CHASTENING OF REGGIE HOME ON LEAVE.

REGGIE'S EVENINGS ON LEAVE ONCE UPON A TIME



REGGIE'S EVENINGS NOW



Young officers find their amusements and liberty more and more curtailed. Soon they will be allowed to do nothing but knit and read!—By W. K. Haselden

at his absence, her longing for a sight of his face—yes, even a longing for his arms and his kisses.

He wrote that he was well; that he was sending her a newspaper; hoped she'd get it. How was the weather over there? Hoped it wasn't true that prices were so high as he had heard. Business was about the same as usual. He looked forward to seeing the Germans crushed completely; he was doing his own bit toward that end, etc., etc.

This was the gist of the letter that sent a chill to the lonely woman's heart, which stung her pride and made her resolve never again to write to him, her lover in a far-off Neutral Land, who was, by the way, the most non-neutral person she knew. It was the first letter she had received from him since he had declared his love.

How ardent had been his verbal love

by means of a Zeppelin, in which case, of course, he would never hear, since it was the rule not to publish the names of Zeppelin victims in the newspapers. He supposed that if any of her friends had written to tell him of her fate their letters would have been suppressed by the Censor.

Finally, he decided that, since letters and cables were useless, he would go in person and learn the worst, so he caught a boat just as it was moving out from the neutral port. He arrived in England; a taxicab rushed him to her home; and in her little workroom where she knitted and made bandages and packed "tuck boxes" for the wounded and prisoners of war he found her. For a long time she refused to speak, and when she finally loosened her tongue she said strange things to him, things he did not understand. She spoke in riddles of "wounded womanhood" of his

## THE WAY TO MANAGE.

### PROBLEMS OF "SERVANTS AND SAVING" DISCUSSED BY OUR READERS.

#### THE GREAT SECRET.

NONE of your readers seems to have suggested Chinese servants. I am daily waiting for the suggestion and think I had better make it myself now that somebody else has suggested "niggers"!

I am joking! For surely your readers are too "pessimistic." One can still get good servants if one treats them properly. That is the great secret.

ONE WHO NEVER LOSES HER SERVANTS. HAMPSTEAD, N.W.

#### SELF-DENIAL

I HAVE taken in your paper for years and am always interested in its articles. I was especially interested in A. E. Olivant's article, and much amused that any head of a household should have "to make a row" about having potatoes.

One's whole existence does not depend on whether one has potatoes or not!

Does not the head of a house give a menu for lunch and dinner, and say what vegetables shall be put on the table?

We may be a conventional people, but cooks can realise there is a big war on and that it is everyone's duty to make sacrifices. So in defence of cooks and middle-class families I give you my own experience.

My cook-general is an average maid, the type of many. I should imagine. She is anxious, I am to do without potatoes or any other thing that is scarce. Her "sweetheart" is at the front, and she knows lots of other boys there. Her young master—my only son—is an officer at the front. She knows my anxiety and fully sympathises.

We have strictly rationed ourselves since Lord Devonport asked us to do so. We do not find the meat enough; it means two meatless days a week, but we use eggs, fish and other things. We do not go to the pub.

I can scarcely believe that anyone is so conventional as your correspondent suggests, and if only cooks as well as heads of households would do their utmost, we might soon welcome our loved ones home again. I know I would not let the cook dominate the household food!

The right way, as your correspondent says, is for cook and mistress to work together.

Woking. F. PORTEOUS.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 23.—The strawberry plantation should now be gone over and carefully weeded. Do not dig deeply near the plants, but some will be easily turned into the ground. Cut off all dead and diseased foliage.

In many gardens grass is allowed to grow up to the stems of young fruit trees. This has been found by experiment to have a bad effect on the trees. Therefore the turf should be removed without delay and a dressing of good mould given the trees.

E. F. T.

"insults," of the cold, formal letters he had sent her.

Then a light broke on him. "I thought you'd understand," he said, "that I couldn't make love in the presence of the Censor!"

So they escaped the greatest tragedy that love can know—a parting through a misunderstanding. Other women are not escaping. Their hearts are aching, breaking, all because of men's vanity. Man, the conventional, illogical, unreasoning sex, is under the impression either that there is one Censor for all Britain or else that ten thousand Censors are all interested in his particular love-letters—so he is ceasing to write them if he knows they must pass through the hands of the Censor.

I have called this article "All on Account of the Censorship," but the trouble is really all on account of men's stupidity and egotism.

## HIS NEW HOME.



The Duke of Orleans carrying his pet lion cub to the Zoo. It was too destructive while a guest at the Savoy Hotel.



The boy's brother was the artist's model.

Mr. Frank O. Salisbury's picture of the late Jack Cornwell, V.C., the boy hero of H.M.S. Chester was formally presented to the Board of Admiralty at the Mansion House yesterday. (Daily Mirror photograph.)

## OFFICERS DECORATED BY OUR ALLIES.



Rear-Admiral Mark Kerr, decorated by King Victor of Italy.

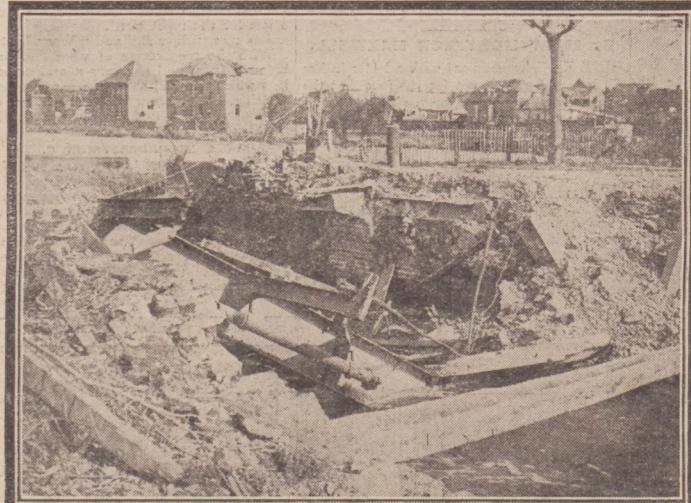


Captain C. T. M. Fuller, D.S.Q., Commander of the Legion of Honour.



Flight-Commander C. Edwars, R.N.A.S., Order of Leopold.

## ACROSS THE SOMME IN PURSUIT OF THE GERMANS—PERONNE



Bridge destroyed at the entrance to Peronne to hamper our advance. (Official photograph.)

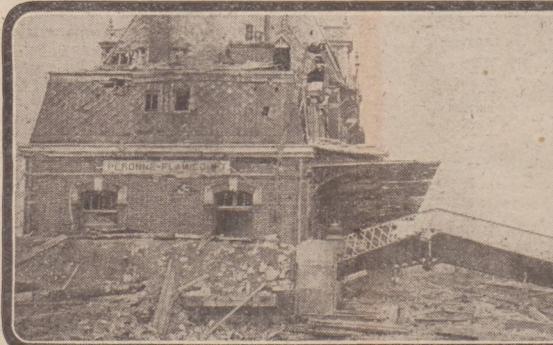
## JACK CORNWELL'S PORTRAIT FOR THE ADMIRALTY.



The Lord Mayor talking to Lady Jellicoe. Mrs. Cornwell is also next to him.



British prisoners at Peronne Station when the Germans held it.



As the Huns left it. Note how the bridge has been destroyed. (Official photograph.)



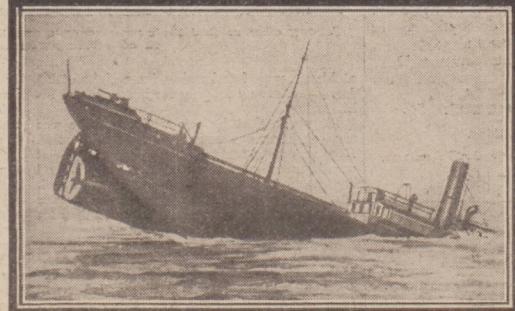
First across the Somme. (Official photograph.)



Cavalrymen resting.

The first British troops crossed the Somme near Peronne. They found that the bridge was destroyed; but their advance was not stopped thereby as the Huns

## "UNLIMITED" BUT NOT "RUTHLESS": BRITISH MERCHANT STEAMER TO



The King Malcolm (4,500 tons) sinking by the bows.



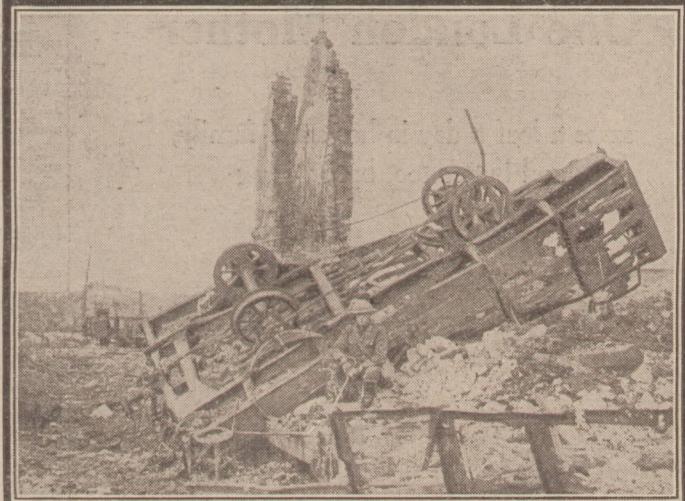
A photograph taken a little later.

These photographs are reproduced from the *Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung*. The German newspapers have now been ordered to allude

## THE GERMANS—PERONNE STATION DESTROYED BY THE HUNS.



soners at Peronne Station when the Germans held the town.



How a Boche truck, helped by our artillery, arrived at Clery Station.—(Official photograph.)

## THREE GERMAN AEROPLANES IN TWO DAYS.



Photograph reproduced from the *Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung* illustrating the destruction of an Allied observation balloon.

## EAGER FOR THE WAR NEWS.

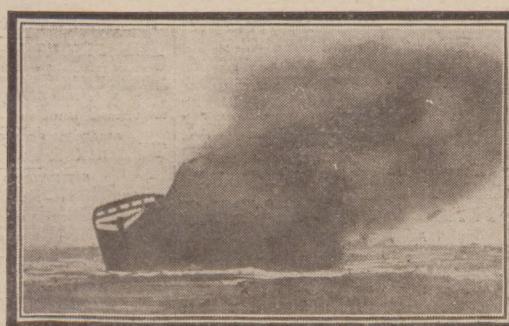


Wounded man in a London hospital absorbed in the news of our latest successes.

BRITISH MERCHANT STEAMER TORPEDOED BY A GERMAN SUBMARINE



A photograph taken a little later.



The vessel disappears from view in a cloud of smoke.

German newspapers have now been ordered to allude to their navy's piratical warfare as "unlimited," and not as "unfettered."

## CROYX DE GUERRE FOR LORD MAIDSTONE



Lieutenant Edward  
Overend Priestley,  
R.N. D.S.C.



Lieutenant Viscount  
Maidstone, R.N.V.R.,  
Croix de Guerre, and so on



Lieutenant A. Palliser,  
R.N., Distinguished  
Service Cross.



# PETER LYSTER: THE MAN WHO FORGOT



By RUBY M.  
AYRES.

## PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

**NAN MARRABY**, a young woman, who became engaged to Peter Lyster on the eve of his departure for France.

**PETER LYSTER**, who has lost his memory as the result of shock.

**JOAN ENDICOTT**, Nan's friend, whose husband is still serving in France, and Nan are living together.

**JOHN ARNOTT**, Peter's friend to tell Nan that Peter has lost his memory.

Nan Marraby, and a brother officer, who comes to the news that Peter has lost his memory.

## HOW THE STORY BEGINS.

**NAN MARRABY** became engaged to Peter Lyster on the eve of his departure for France. All the time he is away she tries to keep up her courage and to bear the burden of the best efforts of the world's deepest. She devotes herself to cheering and giving strength to her friend, Joan Endicott, whose husband is also serving in France. Joan is weak of mind, but Nan is strong, brave, and determined to bear the burden of Nan's shoulders. They live together in a little flat, each anxiously waiting for the news that she dreads and hoping for the safe return of the man she loves.

A long time reaches Nan that Peter has been seriously wounded. She bears the blow heroically, and becomes more attentive than ever to Joan, who is desperately worried about her husband, Tim. Tim is Nan's brave face to the foe, although her heart is torn with anxiety. Then comes tidings that Peter is out of danger.

The two girls settle down once more to wait as patiently as they can for news.

One evening a visitor comes to see Nan. It is Peter's friend, Lieutenant Arnott, and he has come to tell her that Peter is in London, but that he has lost his memory completely.

In the days that follow, that has wiped out from Peter's mind the remembrance of everything that had happened before he was wounded. He does not know that he is engaged to Nan. He has forgotten all about her, and all Arnott's efforts to recall the past that he has lost.

Nan decides to go and see Peter at once. Arnott has told her that he is in London—and she will not listen to his advice when he begs her to postpone her visit for some time.

All the wants is to see him, for she thinks that he will remember her when they meet.

Very reluctantly, Arnott takes Nan to the hotel at which Peter is staying. One more effort to dissuade her from what he knows will be a painful interview, but she insists upon going on. Alone she goes into the smoking-room, where Peter is talking with great animation to a girl.

A terrible suspicion comes into Nan's mind, of which she feels shamed—shakes from head to toe. Peter seems so well and so natural that she wonders whether he has really lost his memory—or whether she has been cruelly deceived.

"Are you looking for anything?" the girl who is with Peter asks.

Nan hesitatingly explains that she thinks he must have lost his memory. Peter comes over and helps her to look for them; but although their eyes meet he does not remember Nan at all.

Her cup of sorrow is filled to the brim when Arnott asks her whether she should say anything about a ring which Peter purchased much. He has lost it, and he fears that it has been stolen. Nan does not reply.

The next day Arnott brings Nan the packet of letters she had written to Peter. He tells her that Peter is going to stay with his sister, and he asks her whether she would like him to ask his sister to invite her at the same time.

Meeting the invitation, to Arnott's regret, for he has a very real desire to help her in her unhappy predicament.

Peter receives a telegram from her husband to say that she is returning to him. Peter is overjoyed and, almost like a small child, in her dearest says to Nan: "I hope you won't think me very horrid, but, of course, when Tim comes home he'll want his wife back again, and I was wondering if you'd mind going away for a few days."

Nan gives a queer little laugh. "I can go home . . . or—or to some friends," she replies.

While walking near Oxford-circus Nan is hailed by John Arnott. A little behind him is Peter Lyster.

## DEAD HOPES.

NAN stood quite still on the crowded pathway; for a moment it seemed to her as if there was nobody in all the world but herself and the tall, rather wan-looking man who gazed at her with disinterested eyes across John Arnott's shoulder.

Arnott deeply regretted his hastiness when he saw the pallor of Nan's face; he wished he had waited to bar her until he was sure that she wished to be acknowledged. But it was too late now; he knew that Lyster had been thinking it peculiar if he walked on without further speech, and just lately Lyster had been more touchy than usual. Ordinarily the most easy-tempered men, small things seemed now to annoy and irritate him.

"Odd we should run across one another again," Arnott said, trying to speak casually; he held out his hand to Nan, and took hers in a warm, friendly grasp. He hesitated, glancing at Peter, but Lyster was looking from one to the other, obviously expecting to be introduced, and after the barest possible hesitation Arnott presented him.

"My friend, Mr. Lyster—Miss Marraby." He did not dare to look at Nan; he could only trust to his lucky star that she would be able to

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

carry the situation off with her usual self-possession. But he need not have feared for Nan; after the first natural blushing she met the position calmly, though she was quite pale, and now and then there was a little catch in her voice when she spoke.

"I think I've seen you before," Lyster said. The words sounded laconic, and the smile he gave her was merely perfunctory, but for the moment Nan was smiling, and she held her breath in an agony of hope.

Was he beginning to remember her, after all? Had the unexpected sight of her stirred some faint chord in his mind?

But his next words soon dispelled her illusion.

"You came into the hotel last night, I think," he said. "I was in the reading-room."

"Of course," said Nan, cheerfully. She wondered for a moment if her self-possession had struck him, and made him laugh, too, till for the moment he forgot that this girl was standing all the time on the brink of a grave which held all her dead hopes.

she felt in some way that Peter was weary of her, and even while the knowledge hurt her, she knew that she would be wiser to end the little tête-à-tête at once, she spoke to Arnott quietly.

"Are you coming to have your coffee?" Peter—  
—Lyster is wondering what you are doing?"

She waited for Arnott before she went back to where Peter sat; she devoted herself to the rest of the time, and she talked and laughed with him, and made him laugh, too, till for the moment he forgot that this girl was standing all the time on the brink of a grave which held all her dead hopes.

Nan pushed back her chair and rose.

"I'm going to buy some sweets for Joan," she said.

"You two stay there." She went over to the counter just as an excuse to get away for a moment from Peter's eyes. She felt sick with herself for her own levity and callousness. She could not rid herself of the thought that all the time Peter must know—that he had those troubled eyes of his he knew that this was Nan, the woman whom he had once adored, and that he was criticising her and despising her because she was able to play the game of pretence so well.

When she was out of earshot Peter looked at his friend.

"Who is she?" he asked with faint interest.

Arnott coloured.

"It's the girl I told you about the other night, Nan Marraby," he said.

"Oh!" Peter's voice was indignant. "And—  
—someone else she spoke of, someone else she said she was going to buy chocolates for—was that another I ought to know?" he asked with a sort of blushingness.

"No," said Arnott. "At least, Miss Marraby lives with her a Mrs. Endicott."

Peter made no comment.

"How long are you going to be in here?" he asked presently.

"My dear old chap, we'll go when you like," said Arnott hastily. "What do you want to do? I'm game for anything."

"I never stirringly would not thank you for foisting two more or less sick men on her hands" he said.

Arnott took another cake from the plate; he bit a piece out of it with great relish before he answered.

"Oh, that's because you don't know Doris," he said, calling out. "Nothing's too good for her; she'd have that wife of the British Army to sleep in the house if she could." He looked at Nan and smiled. "Peter's a disagreeable old beggar," he said, cheerfully.

"Seems to have got it up against women for some reason or another." He spoke without thinking, and the next moment he would have cut off his right hand to take back the carelessly spoken words, for Peter said, sharply: "Well, I've no great reason to care for

them." He looked at Nan, half apologetically. "I've hardly met one in my life whom I'd cross the road to see a second time," he added.

Nan's crooked smile twisted her lips for a moment, and vanished again like a pale ghost.

"Haven't you?" she said, lightly. "Then just what I think about men—I don't care for them at all as a sex; they're selfish—horribly selfish."

Arnott laughed extravagantly; he thought she was wonderful, and he carried it on as she had done. She was more than ever match for Lyster, he told himself delightedly; then sobered, remembering that this man was not Lyster at all, but a sick, sad wreck of the fine man his friend had once been.

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(Continued on page 11.)

# A man who will not help his country is helping the enemy.



Prove you are  
willing to help.  
Enrol now for  
National Service.

Forms can be obtained from any Post Office,  
National Service Office, or Employment  
Exchange. Fill up one without delay.



Mr. Basil Peto, M.P., who has resigned the position of Commissioner for Belgian Refugee Affairs.

Lady Helen Seymour, an energetic war worker at the Coulter Hospital, Belgrave-square.

## THE COLISEUM MATINEE.

### Successful Star Performance of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

DESPITE NATURAL DISAPPOINTMENT at the absence of the Queen, who was unable to be present owing to the death of the Duchess of Connaught, there was a crowded and remarkably representative audience at the Coliseum yesterday afternoon. Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson made a last appearance in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" in aid of the Scottish Women's Hospital.

### A Great Reception.

IF SIR JOHNSTON had any doubts about London playgoers' regret over his retirement from the stage they must have been dispelled by his reception. It was a remarkable ovation that visibly touched an actor who once again endowed a famous part with the grace and magic of a famous personality.

### In Front.

AMONGST the many fashionable people in front I noticed Lady Cowdray, Lady Alexander and the Countess of Drogheda. Miss Lily Elsie—in what I heard described as "a duck of a dove grey dress"—was selling programmes.

### Music Had Charms.

RARELY have so many prominent conductors been seen together at the same performance. Sir F. H. Cowen, Sir Alexander Mackenzie and Mr. Alfred Dove—the presiding genius of the Coliseum orchestra—were all there. And the orchestra itself, which is a band of able women, was at its best.

### The Irish Peace Move.

THE MAIN TOPIC of discussion in the political clubs last night was the prospect of an early settlement of the Irish question. I have never known the leaders of both Irish parties so anxious to come to terms. Various plans are suggested, but at the moment of writing no clear-cut scheme has been devised which is likely to meet with ready acceptance.

### The Chief Obstacle.

A DISTINGUISHED PARLIAMENTARIAN tells me that the principal obstacle to an early settlement is the apparently overwhelming strength of the "irreconcilables" in both political camps in Ireland. Meanwhile everybody at Westminster is longing for an amicable arrangement.

### Tars and Types.

THE AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY are becoming transformed. They are bristling with new tars and types.

### The Fishermen's Champion.

GLANCING over yesterday's parliamentary papers I noticed a motion by Mr. Tickler calling attention to the disabilities suffered by fishermen and sailors who by reason of their calling are unable to record their votes at parliamentary elections and asking that administrative facilities should be given to them to record their votes at parliamentary elections. Mr. Tickler is the member for Grimsby and a local trawler owner with much influence in the fishing trade.

### A Business M.P.

HE HAS had a most interesting career. For ten years he was in the engineering business, then he became a grocer and corn factor. Shortly afterwards he sold this business and commenced that of fruit preserving. He now employs 1,500 hands at Grimsby and Southall, Middlesex.

Mr. T. G. Tickler, M.P.

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

### Cardinal Bourne's Return.

I HEARD yesterday in Westminster that Cardinal Bourne is expected to return home early next month. The Pope, my informant added, has an immense appreciation of his abilities, and received him in audience daily during his stay in Rome—an unusual honour.

### Back to Killarney.

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF KENMARE have left town for the Lakes of Killarney. Part of Killarney House, it may be remembered, was destroyed by fire three years ago. Lord Kenmare and Lord Ardilaun between them own, I believe, practically the whole of the Killarney district.

### A Scottish Landowner.

THE MARQUIS OF BREADALBANE was well enough to leave town yesterday for Taymouth Castle. He is one of the most popular landowners in Scotland. He owns 200,000 acres and has been a hero to his tenantry ever since he won the Royal Humane Society's medal for saving one of them from drowning.

### An Educated Farmer.

ONCE AN IGNORANT Southron visiting Scotland related on reaching the Edinburgh Club how he had talked on the journey up with a very intelligent old farmer. "He was quite an educated chap," said the Southron. Presently the "farmer" walked into the club, and the visitor was surprised to learn that his farmer friend was the Marquis of Breadalbane's "mascot" presents.

### A Wager.

A SUCCESSFUL PRACTICAL JOKE was perpetrated recently by Mr. Vernon Watson, the mimic, while performing in Birmingham. In New-street he met a prominent citizen who remarked that even London could not show a thoroughfare with heavier traffic. "Would you like to see me stop it?" asked Mr. Watson. "I'll bet you a 'tenner' that you couldn't," was the answer.

### —And Its Result.

THE WAGER was accepted, and within a minute Mr. Watson had purchased a tape measure and an official-looking notebook. Then, in the company of a friend, he marched across to the constable on point duty and explained that the local authorities required certain measurements taken. "Bobby" energetically held up the traffic while Mr. Watson measured the roadway and his companion took copious notes. And the crowd wondered what it all meant.

### Lord Durham Better.

I AM GLAD to hear that Lord Durham is making excellent progress towards health after his illness. We may be sure such a good sportsman and such a born humorist has borne his illness very patiently. His Gimcrack Club is famous.

### Footings the Bill.

ONCE AN AMERICAN FRIEND told Lord Durham that he would like to be a lord, and on being asked why, replied that he wanted to know what it felt like. "Oh," replied Lord Durham, "you would have a painful knowledge of what it feels like when you saw your Christmas bills."

### A London Poet.

I HAVE been reading "London Lamps," a new book of poems by Mr. Thomas Burke, who established a reputation with his "Limehouse Nights." Mr. Burke is a London lover, and something of the wistful and elusive charm of the great City is reflected in his verse. I think, by the way, he must be the only poet who has dared to write about winkles. One of the songs in the volume begins: "There is a noise of winkles in the air."

### Maxim Gorky.

A RUSSIAN FRIEND said yesterday: "I am glad to see that Maxim Gorky is now free in Petrograd. He has become a director of fine arts. His acceptance shows that his health has improved. He had been near death's door from tuberculosis, but the revolution has given all patriots a new lease of life. As Russia now has a free Press I expect Gorky will take up his pen again."

### For His Boy.

I HAVE HEARD of a fine example of patriotism. A man well over military age had an only son, who fell in France while leading his company in a famous rifle regiment. As soon as he heard the news the father offered his services and asked to be allowed to take his son's place. After a few months' training he took command of his dead boy's company and last week returned to "Blighty" badly wounded.

### "Old Vic" Voters.

THE AUDIENCES—a large proportion soldiers—who throng the "Old Vic," in the Waterloo-road, to see Shakespeare and hear opera have chosen their Shakespeare week programme by ballot. "Richard II." has proved to be their favourite play.

### A Cat Lover.

MISS WINIFRED BARNES is a black cat fancier. Only she asked me not to mention the fact, to prevent being inundated with live cats. Her black cats are of china, wood and plaster. One has electrically-lighted eyes. They sit about her dressing-room at the Prince of Wales'. Most of them are "mascot" presents.

### A Humane Peer.

ONE OF THE ARRIVALS in town yesterday was Lord Leigh, who came up from Stoneleigh Abbey. Lord Leigh is still carrying on his propaganda organisation on behalf of dumb animals. He is on the executive committee of the Council of Justice to Animals, and advocates more humane methods of slaughtering beasts.

### Quick March!

THE EFFECTS of drill and Sunday route marching are sometimes unwittingly demonstrated. Yesterday in the Strand I noticed an elderly man mechanically shoulder his walking-stick, straighten himself up, and, with head erect, march along keeping step with the music of a distant band.



Miss Dorothy Lane, who will appear in the new Empire revue, "Hanky Panky," to-night.



Mgr. Bernard Ward, who will be the Bishop of the newly-created Roman Catholic Diocese of Essex.

### Students Sacrifice Sport.

OWING to the urgent appeals of Lord Devonport, the women students of Somerville College, Oxford, are, I hear, digging up their playing fields to plant potatoes. The students have also volunteered to make their own beds every morning, so that labour may be set free for war work.

### Treasure Trove.

DOWN TWICKENHAM WAY every man or woman with a little spare time appears to have become an amateur gardener. I pass them in the train every morning on my way to town. They are hard at work on their tiny allotments turning up the ground. Sometimes they turn up other things as well. There have been one or two instances of buried money having been struck by the spade of one of the new gardeners.

### Our Potato Patriots.

NEARLY EVERY MAN I meet insists upon describing to me—at great length—his newborn experiences in his newly-acquired allotment garden. The funniest confession I have yet heard is that of a friend who, in the vigour of the first afternoon's labour, not only dug up his own allotment but his neighbour's also—by mistake!

### Whitehall's Trip.

THE newly-opened Government restaurant at 8, Northumberland-avenue proves that girl waiters do not despise homely dishes, and sausages and mashed are on the menu frequently. Tripe and onions at 7d. are popular in those gilded halls amid the marble pillars.

THE RAMBLER.



Mr. Vernon Watson.



When Mars to Venus  
homage yields.  
It's often due to "OKTIS"  
SHIELDS.

"OKTIS" Shields are real War-time economy. Now that your corsets are nearly double in price, it is doubly important that you wear "OKTIS" Shields, which double your charm, double your comfort, and double the life of your corsets.

**"OKTIS"**  
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# RALEIGH

THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE.

whose special features with Dunlop tyres and Sturmey-Archer three-speed gear, make it so much better than other bicycles. All bearings are made with tough, unbreakable cores and diamond-hard surfaces, ground on from the steel. There are no "fits" in Raleigh bearings as in those of other brands; thereby ensuring perfect running, while every ball is tested to 8/10,000ths of an inch.

GUARANTEED FOR EVER.

Prices £2 10s. to £14 14s. Send a postcard for "The Book of the Raleigh," RALEIGH CYCLE CO. LTD., 41, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

Agents everywhere.

"Cycling for Health," by Sir Frank Bowden, Bart., F.R.G.S., &c., 100 pp. 1s.

### WAR-CONSUMPTION.

The Tubercle Bacillus is still claiming its victims, and, unfortunately, many of our men who have survived it have been left with some damage to be claimed by this insidious germ, the Tubercle Bacillus. There is, however, a remedy to combat it, although it has not yet been officially recognised, and anyone who has been a sufferer from Consumption or Tuberculosis should write to the Stevens' Treatment; or if full details of the case are sent a supply of the remedy itself will be despatched, specially suitable on the distinct understanding that the patient will not be paid for it unless the patient be perfectly satisfied with the benefit received and considers the progress made warrants its continuance. Only address, Charles H. Stevens, 204 and 206, Worple-road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.—(Advt.)

# MACKINTOSH'S

"It will nip your cough  
in the bud."

# TOFFEE de LUXE



## THE LONG TRAIL: BY MR. BOTTOMLEY, IN 'SUNDAY PICTORIAL'

A NOVEL TREATMENT FOR THE WOUNDED.

## Daily Mirror

NURSE DECORATES YOUNG ANZAC.



Miss Janet Lawrie, commandant of a Finchley hospital, decorating Gunner Eric Herring, a nineteen-year-old Australian, with the Military Medal. He worked all day in the open repairing telephone wires.

## RESULT OF THEATRICAL DIVORCE SUIT.



Mr. Lotinga.



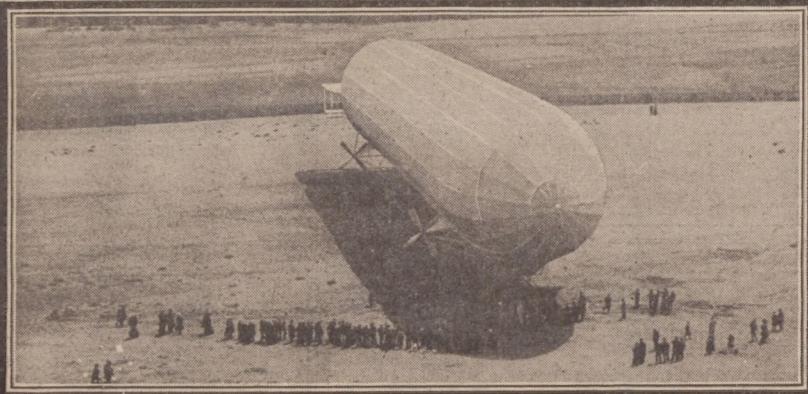
Mrs. Lotinga.



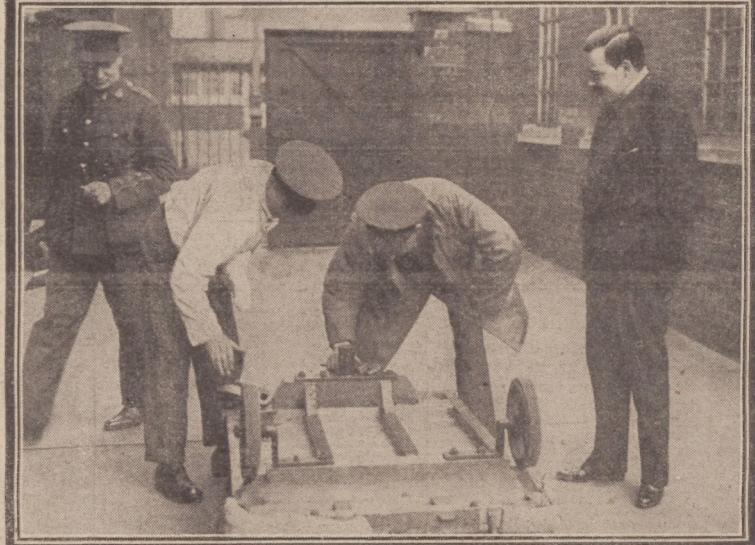
Mr. Norworth.

Mr. Ernest Lotinga was yesterday granted a decree nisi and awarded £100 damages against the co-respondent, Mr. Jack Norworth, an actor. Mrs. Lotinga, said counsel, was known as Miss Hetty King.

## WILL IT WIN ANOTHER D.S.O. FOR A BRITISH AIRMAN?



A new Zeppelin arriving from the works at its new base. The length of its career depends largely on whether it risks a flight to Paris or England.



King Manoel, who is an honorary member of the staff, watching two one-handed men at work.



Making his own wooden leg.



Appliance made by an artillerist.

Unconventional methods of treatment have been tried, with the greatest success, at the Military Orthopaedic Hospital at Shepherd's Bush, where the patients' hands and minds are kept busy at some congenial employment, which prevents them brooding over their injuries. Sapper Rigby, R.E., for instance, is making himself a wooden leg, while the artillerist has made an appliance for an officer patient. King Manoel takes the deepest interest in the institution, and is providing it with a gymnasium at his own expense.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

## OFFICER AND FIVE MEN MISSING.



Pte. S. Wootten (Dorsetshire Regiment). Write to Wootten at 10, Phillips Street, Bath, Somerset.



Pte. R. W. Moste (Buffs). Write to Mrs. Moste at 11, Charles-street, High-street, Oxford.



Lce-Cpl. W. E. Marshall (Royal Fusiliers). Write to E. Marshall at 1, Bath-road, Wiltshire.



Pte. P. A. Reeve (Suffolk Regt.). Write to Miss E. Reeve at 7, Cranes-drive, Surbiton, Surrey.



Pte. H. L. Paterson (Buffs), wounded and missing. Write to 10, Victor-road, Holloway, London, N.



2nd Lieut. C. A. R. Shum (R.F.C.). Write to Mrs. Shum, Rodsmoor, East Molesley, Surrey.